We all live downstream of history and upstream of the future.

CURRENTS HISTORY

SUMMER 2006

A Hard-Scrabble Life

SURVIVING THE GREAT DEPRESSION ON A UINTAH BASIN FARM

the memoirs of Loreen P. Wahlquist

The Great Depression—the decade of the 1930s, when most Americans struggled to merely survive—was so long ago. We don't think about it much anymore. But real people experienced real suffering. Parents strained to feed and house the children they loved. Children left home to help support their families. Many became homeless and wandered, asking for help from those who were less desperate.

Today, countless people live in similar or worse poverty. Some live in Utah. Many others live in countries around the world. We may not see them or think much about them, but they are real people experiencing real suffering.

The stark story of Fred and Loreen Wahlquist and their seven children puts a personal face on poverty.

Even under the best of conditions, the Uintah Basin of northeast Utah is hardly an agricultural paradise. But during the relentless Depression and drought of the 1930s, it required heroic efforts to survive there.

The Wahlquists bought a farm in the Randlett area of the Uintah Basin in 1928. In the 1940s Loreen wrote about their experiences; these memoirs were later published in the *Utah Historical Quarterly*. You can almost hear the desperation and fatigue in her voice as she tells her story:

—Continued on page 2

Photo: Fred and Loreen Wahlquist in 1928 with three children. State History photos, donated by Loreen P. Wahlquist.

INSIDE

Utah! Where ideas connect™

CURRENTS is a quarterly publication of the Utah Division of State History/State Historical Society. Send letters, submissions, and calendar items to Kristen Rogers, editor, at 801/533-3542 or krogers@utah.gov. Address membership inquiries to Kent Powell at 801/533-3520 or kpowell@utah.gov. For general information on the Division of State History, call 801/533-3500 or e-mail ushs@utah.gov.

HARD LUCK

We bought this place for $2,800, and within a few years we couldn't have sold it for a tenth of that. It seemed that we did everything just wrong. We bought this place just before the drought when people still thought this was a fine country.…

The drought hit us exceptionally hard here and we were unable to raise enough hay and grain for our stock. Some years our grain burned completely and there was no harvest. In 1931 we had a chance to sell our five best cows for $70 each. [They turned it down, which was a big mistake.] Prices dropped so low we couldn't sell them at any price.… The price of butter fat got as low as eleven cents a pound and eggs eight cents a dozen, and no one wanted them even at that price.

The year 1934 was such an extreme drought all over the country that there was no feed for stock. The federal government came to the rescue in a fashion and bought up the cows people couldn't feed for from $12 to $20 a head. They paid $4 a head for sucking calves, then killed them and let people take them home to eat if they wanted to.…

"ON THE COUNTY?"

For about a year and a half during 1931-32 our income ranged from four to six dollars a month. The case worker finally convinced us that we had better accept a relief order so Fred could get in on some of the F.E.R.A. and W.P.A. work [these were federal relief programs]. One cold December day we hitched the horses onto our old rickety white-top buggy, took our three boys and our $8 relief order, and drove 12 miles to [Wong] Sing's store to buy some underwear for the boys and some overshoes for Fred.

We got the things picked out, then Fred swallowed his pride and handed the clerk the order. He looked at it and said, "Oh, on the county?" That was too much for Fred, and he said, "Here, hand me that thing." He took it, walked over to the stove and threw it in, and we headed for home.

The next few days I performed what had seemed the impossible on some old discarded underwear; Fred put a mob of tire patches on his old overshoes, and our crisis was passed once more. However, Fred still couldn't get any work, so the case worker finally got a small order of goods and brought them to us so Fred could be on the "honor" roll and could get some much-needed work.

PRETTY HARD LICKS

During the summer of 1935 Fred got a chance to work on the highway between Vernal and Roosevelt. He was to get $10 a day for himself and four horses, and that sounded like riches to us. We didn't get it all, as we had to hire some of the horses.

We have put in a lot of pretty hard licks, but that was by far the most strenuous summer we have ever experienced. I worked out in the field all the daylight hours, irrigating, preparing ground, and planting, then I had chores to do. I would come in about 10 o'clock at night and start in on my day's dishes and separator, mixing bread and doing a little cooking for the next day.

The twins were eight years old, and they did some chores, but they hadn't yet learned to milk the cows, so that was my job. Fred put in his eight hours up on the road, took care of his four horses, then many of the nights he rode the pony the six miles home to help a few hours with the work here. He would snooze a few hours then ride back to work. Several times we put in nearly an all-night shift, and then he rode back to work after one or two hours of sleep. During haying time he was on night shift up there, so he would come home and work at the haying during the daytime.

I don't know why we have stuck with such an impossible situation. Perhaps we are just too stubborn to admit that we are beaten. To live in this country one needs a strong back and a weak mind. Our minds qualify ok, but I am not so sure our backs will hang out.

We have had a hard old struggle all right, but our lives haven't been as drab as this letter may indicate.… We have had some satisfactions from our work, and we have enjoyed to the fullest lots of parties and dances.

Fred Jr. and Charles with their father in the Uintah Basin.

"To live in this country, one needs a strong back and a weak mind."

A WASHING MACHINE!!!

We had resolved not to go into debt for anything we could get along without. Fred had suggested a number of times that we send for a gasoline washer, but I wouldn't consent; I didn't want any more debts. As a result, I had washed by hand for twelve years and developed an absolute horror of washday. Getting the water was a real trial. In the summer when there was water in the ditch, we would dip up barrels of water and stir alum in it to make the mud settle, but most of the time our ditches were dry so we hauled water from any place we could find it. In the wintertime we melted snow or ice.

One day I went in to sort the clothes ready to wash; but as I looked at that awful pile of dirty clothes, I felt such a repulsion and hatred for them that I kicked them viciously back into their corner. I went out and told Fred I just had to have a washer or I was ready to burn that pile of clothes. We got the catalog and made out an order for a gasoline washer to be paid for at the rate of $5 a month.

THINGS GO ALL TO PIECES

We have had lots of discouragements but we kept up our hope and courage pretty well until the summer and fall before Brent was born. Perhaps things just seemed worse to me because I was so sick. Both our old cars went to pieces, one right after the other; my washer broke and I had to go back to washing by hand; then the [generator] quit us and we were without lights or radio.

During the second crop haying Fred got kicked and was laid up for six weeks with a crippled leg.… The boys had nothing but rags to start school in and we had no money to buy new ones.… I fixed and patched until I was ready to scream at the sight of it.

The Federal Land Bank was threatening to start foreclosure proceedings if we didn't pay up. It seemed like every place we went someone was after us for some money we owed them.… There were very few here who had worked as hard as we had and yet it looked as though we were going to lose everything.

THINGS LOOK UP

I completely lost all interest, hope, or faith in everything. There seemed to be no feeling left in my heart but bitterness and hatred.

That was the year Maurice and Rachel came out to have Thanksgiving with the Bensons at Ioka. We joined them up there and had a fine time, but it couldn't dispel my gloom. I don't know what Rachel reported when she got back to Idaho—I only know the results. A few weeks later here came a parcel with more new clothes than we had ever owned before in our lives. That parcel worked wonders at cheering me up. To have the boys get ready to go someplace without the usual patching and fixing and to know that they were presentable anywhere was wonderful!

One day we went to Vernal to inform all our creditors we couldn't pay up and they could do what they pleased. We accidentally met a fellow from the Federal Land Bank and told him our story, and after some discussion we signed up new papers on the place, with nothing to pay for almost a year. While we were on our way to the bank to tell them we couldn't pay up, we met Mr. Hopkins, the Farm Loan man. He had known the difficulty we were in and told us he had some money for us if we could come in and sign the papers. We got enough to pay the bank and most of our smaller bills. Since then we have worn our debts down some and feel that we will work out of the hole.

Life did get better for the Wahlquists. After these memoirs were written, the family bought a ranch in Idaho and did well.

How did they make it through the Depression? Hard work and scrimping were the foundation of their ability to come out on top. But hard work couldn't take them the whole way. Others' kindness helped, and so did some synchronicity. Finally, federal relief programs were invaluable when they were at their lowest point.

At its best, history can help us understand today's issues. How many people in the world now are working hard and frugally, yet can't work themselves out of the hole of poverty? And why can't they?

History as it Should Have Been, or

The "Truth" of the "Lone" Cedar "Tree"

Can you believe everything you read on plaques? Everything you read in books? (Or even everything you read in Currents?)

For years, many people regarded a cedar stump at 310 So. 600 East in Salt Lake City as something of an icon. It was said to be a remnant of the "lone cedar tree"—the only tree standing in the valley when the Mormon pioneers arrived in 1847.

In 1933 the Daughters of Utah Pioneers created a shrine to the stump. According to the plaque, pioneers stopped here to sing songs and offer prayers of gratitude. Later, loggers going into the canyons, trysting lovers, and children all enjoyed its shade and protection.

Common sense says that the tree could not have been the only one in the valley; cottonwoods and other trees would have lined the streams coming out of the mountains. Nevertheless, when on September 1, 1953, vandals shortened the revered trunk considerably, many Utahns sorrowed for the loss.

But the director of the Utah State Historical Society, Russ Mortensen, commented to the *Deseret News* that since the tree was a "historical fraud" he was "not shedding any tears over its loss.... It's only an old dead stump with little historical value."

His acerbic comment hit plenty of nerves among lovers of the lone cedar tree and stirred up a small tempest. In fact, a pitched battle between Mortensen and the DUP almost cost him his job.

However, new evidence shows that not only was the "lone cedar tree" not lone, it may not have been a tree at all.

In June 1917, an article in the *Salt Lake Tribune* reported on the pending demolition of a house at 576 E. 300 South and the removal of the "Old Cedar Post" in front of the house.

The article quotes another legend: Brigham Young, it says, stuck the post in the ground as a guidepost to pioneers entering the valley. The woman living in the house in 1919 had "taken care of the post" for more than 30 years. She had heard various stories about its origin, including the one about it being a remnant of the only tree in the valley. But after a storm broke the "stump," she dug around the base to see if any roots remained. Instead of roots, she found a sawed-off end. Apparently, it *was* a post, not a tree stump.

The woman asked the city to move the post to the median on 6th East "in order that the relic may be preserved for sightseers." That is apparently what happened. Somewhere along the way, though, someone decided the post was a tree after all, and by at least 1933, when the DUP marker was erected, the post had become the Lone Cedar Tree. (Actually, vandals carried off the last wood remnants some time ago.)

The moral of the story: Nostalgia may sometimes masquerade as historical fact. But there is a difference—and the main difference is that although nostalgia is usually sure of itself, historical "facts" are slippery critters. Too often it's very hard to nail down exactly what happened. Still, no matter what the lone cedar facts are, it's kind of a nifty little shrine—a shrine that is, itself, historical.

Photo: The cedar tree shrine at 310 S. 600 East, SLC.

Former State History preservation coordinator Roger Roper found the 1917 *Deseret News* article about the cedar post. It was just one of those chance discoveries that happen sometimes when you browse through old manuscripts and newspapers.

WHERE'S THAT?

Identify the historic structure in this photo and win a copy of *Utah's Historic Architecture 1847-1940: A Guide*, by Thomas Carter and Peter Goss. Send your response (one guess per contestant) to Where's That, 300 S. Rio Grande, Salt Lake City, UT 84101. Responses must be postmarked by Aug. 1, 2006. A drawing will be held of the winners to determine who receives the book.

ANSWER TO LAST ISSUE'S PUZZLE

The historic structure shown in the Spring 2006 issue is the backside of the Monument to the Trade, located in Gilgal Gardens at 749 East 500 South, Salt Lake City. Formerly a private, rather secret garden, the Gilgal sculpture garden is now a public city park. The garden was envisioned, designed, and created by Thomas Battersby Child Jr. in the mid-twentieth century. It contains 12 original sculptures and more than 70 stones engraved with scriptures, poems, and literary texts.

The following contestants correctly identified the structure: Jerry Judd, Springville; Scott Gatrell, SLC; and Bessie Sanborn, SLC. Mr. Gatrell was selected in the drawing to receive a copy of *Utah's Historic Architecture.*

Hannah's House

by Marybeth Raynes

Forty years ago this year, *Congress passed the National Historic Preservation Act. Over the past four decades, the Act has contributed to the preservation of countless structures. It has also helped change America's attitude toward historic buildings. Today, restored historic neighborhoods, business areas, and buildings are cherished and valuable features of their communities. One of these is the simple Hannah Libby Smith House at 315 E. Center, Provo. It's just one small building, but it carries stories within its walls—and its historical presence enriches both the city and its citizens.*

In 1878, Hannah, plural widow of George A. Smith, built the house of her dreams—a modest brick house on 1/3 acre, with enough room for a garden, fruit trees, and animals. Later, her daughte and granddaughter owned it. Now, Hannah's granddaughter's step-granddaughter, Marybeth Raynes, owns it.

Her connection with the house is deep, and that connection helped drive her passion to restore it. But passion is just one element. The State Historic Preservation Office at State History helped with another critical element: a federal tax credit on the renovation.

Top: Hannah (probably the older woman) in front of her house.
Bottom photo: The house today.

My grandmother taught me, defended me, helped me heal, and filled other needs, as she had done for the entire family.

Grandmother's House

I came to know my grandmother's house when I was six and my grandfather, Arnel Milner, married my step-grandmother, Grace Smith Cheever, after my Grandma Pearl died. She was 50 and had never married, but had taken care of her invalid parents and disabled sister over many years. At the time of the marriage, my grandfather joined her in the home where she was born and where she would die. She was immediately welcoming, and we all loved her for over 20 years until her death.

My first impressions saw the house as quite grand with its 12-foot ceilings. It seemed a spacious place, but as an adult I know it to be quite modest—around 1,600 sqiare feet.

The house was always clean, quiet and relaxing for me, a haven. In 1953, polio paralyzed the left side of my body. Grandma Grace gladly took me in for several months and nursed me back to health. I remember her calm demeanor and focused attention despite her busy life, which included being on the general board of the LDS church's young women's organization.

I gradually joined her in the housework, cooking, and dishwashing. She was always calm and clear with me as I learned how she cared for her lifelong home.

She ironed on a mangle, the hot roller turning the air-dried sheets and pillowcases to a smooth, crisp, hot cotton-smelling delight. We then dressed the beds just so for the coming week. Climbing Saturday evening into bed was the best night of the week, the perfect combination of pungent clean sheets and clean pajamas on a clean body after a bath.

Her kitchen was a long and narrow affair that only allowed two grown people to pass each other with care. Still, it had two floor-to-ceiling storage cupboards, a refrigerator, gas stove, drop-leaf table, and a white porcelain sink under the window. She packed it well with fine dishes, everyday cookery, and imaginative kitchen gadgets. I imagine that many of these were handed down from her grandmother and mother, as was the furniture in the house.

The other half of the current kitchen was her back porch, also long and narrow. It held my grandfather's dairy testing equipment. A stairway led to a rock-lined cellar, where shelves held bottles of fruit.

She loved her long row of roses that ran along the east side of the house, and she tended to a large flower and vegetable garden in the northwest corner of the property. Along the irrigation ditch sprang spearmint in abundance. We regularly went out to snip many sprigs, boil them in water, and have tea with milk.

Over the years, I moved in and out of my Grandma Grace's house, for holidays, summers, times of recuperation, my mother's pregnancies, and a year of high school and later as a BYU student. Gradually the house became as much a part of my sense of home as any house I had ever lived in.

Restoring Grandmother's House

Years later, I acquired the house myself and decided to restore it. Although the motivation was partially to help build my retirement income, the larger motivation was clearly loyalty to my grandmother, who taught me, defended me, helped me heal, and filled other needs, as she had done for the entire family.

In 2004 I began the year-long process of planning, working, finding financing, and pushing contractors to complete and sometimes redo work. The long list of projects encompassed the entire house and yard. They included doing a seismic upgrade, repairing and removing chimneys, restoring the brick and trim, repainting the original faux painted graining of the woodwork in three rooms, restoring original windows, and turning a 1970s-style kitchen into a 1920s-style kitchen, like Grace's.

During the process, State History provided invaluable advice on how to make sure the renovations fit the federal guidelines—so that I could qualify for a 20% federal tax credit for historic preservation. I couldn't have restored the house historically without that.

Throughout the restoration, memories of the house came back to me. As family members visited or saw the completed work, they added other memories. Time after time, I considered moving into the house and commuting to Salt Lake City to work. In the end, that didn't make sense. However, I walked the rooms many times, fantasizing how I would place my furniture and how I would live there. What emerged was in many ways a re-creation of how my grandmother lived there during her life. Although I am staying in my home, reworking her home has helped inform me about ways to enrich my life planted where I am.

Now, a small business has leased the house. The company, started by three sisters, is an employment agency for women who want to work from home. Given my grandmother's lifelong dedication to serving others, particularly women in business and young women, I think she would be delighted.

Marybeth Raynes is a psychotherapist/clinical social worker who provides marriage and family therapy in Salt Lake City.

NEWS AND NOTES

Elva Cotterell teaches Sue Stewart some of the fine points of cooking in 1951.

Celebrate the '50s

Reserve September 14–16 for the Utah State Historical Society Annual Meeting, to be held at the Rio Grande Depot and The City Library. The event will highlight Utah in the 1850s and 1950s. A complete schedule is on **history.utah.gov**, and USHS members will receive a schedule in the mail. Here is a synopsis of events:

Thursday, September 14
Workshops and meetings:
—Certified Local Governments Workshop
—Board of State History
—*UHQ* Board of Editors
—Utah Oral History Consortium
Reception: 6 p.m.
Evening Program: 7 p.m. "Utah in the 1850s," address by David Bigler. USHS Awards.

Friday, September 15
History Sessions: 9 a.m.–5:15 p.m. Papers, panels, films, and presentations
Evening Activities:
Utah in the 1950s celebration: displays, slides, presentation, music, and more.

Saturday, September 16
Tours: Utah War Sites tour by the Oregon-California Trails Assn. Homes tour by the Utah Heritage Foundation.

For more information, call 801/533-3500.

Heritage tourism web site

National Trust for Historic Preservation has created a new web site to help communities learn how to grow their heritage tourism. The site includes success stories in heritage tourism, statistics, information on starting events, contacts, and more. The site is **culturalheritagetourism.org**.

This site complements the Heritage Tourism Toolkit offered by State History. Here, communities can find a package of practical tools for developing and managing their heritage resources. The toolkit is at **history.utah.gov** - "Education and Outreach."

See also **culturalheritage.utah.gov**, which links to a variety of resources for those who are developing cultural and heritage tourism.

Find historic Short Creek photos online

Get a fascinating look at the past by browsing through State History's growing collections of online photos. Reach them by going to **history.utah.gov** - "Find it Fast" - "Photos Online."

The newest batch of photos online are from our Classified Photograph Collection. These include photos of Utah individuals and groups and photos of the polygamist community of Short Creek, taken during Arizona's 1953 raid on polygamists.

You can browse through the images or search for a specific individual or subject.

White House recognizes Utah history

When First Lady Laura Bush announced the nation's Preserve America grants earlier this month, she named 45 recipients in 28 states. Two of these winners were in Utah: Heritage Highway 89 and Historic Wendover Airfield.

The Preserve America program promotes education, historic preservation, and economic development by capitalizing on the nation's historic main streets, monuments, landscapes, and historic buildings.

In this first-ever round of Preserve America grants, Heritage Highway 89 received $95,993. Heritage Highway 89, also known as the Mormon Pioneer Heritage Area, includes six counties stretching from Sanpete County to Kane County. The grant will be used to develop regional interpretative and marketing sites to help visitors appreciate the heritage of this unique area.

Historic Wendover Airfield, an important training and testing military base during World War II and beyond, received $75,393. The funds will be used to create a documentary film about WWII training at the base. They will also be used to begin a master plan for restoring the airfield.

"These grants emphasize the diversity and importance of Utah's history," said Phil Notarianni, director of the Utah Division of State History. "The story of the Mormon pioneers—along with the landscapes, towns, and buildings that tell that story—has national significance. And the events that played out at Wendover Airbase have impacted the world. We're pleased that the White House has recognized how important it is to preserve and communicate this history."

Teachers: "Intrigue of the Past" is back! —with a new name

Intrigue of the Past, the incredible education program in archaeology, is now known as Project Archaeology. Two-day teacher workshops, taught by educators and archaeologists, will begin in October.

The program, which uses the *Intrigue of the Past* guidebook, teaches students to think critically about their surroundings. It also uses archaeology as a backdrop to teach a variety of subjects, including math, science, writing skills, and ethics.

Although Utah archaeology is specifically covered in 4th and 7th grades, students in all grades can benefit from the material, and all educators are welcome to take the workshops.

For more information on Project Archaeology and the workshops, contact Joni Lindsay at the Utah Museum of Natural History : (801) 842-8669 or write **jlindsay@umnh.utah.edu**.

Major grant helps archaeological sites

The Utah BLM has received a $250,000 matching Preserve America's Treasures Grant to help stabilize and interpret ten often-visited archaeological sites in southeastern Utah. The ruins are not on any tourist maps, but people learn about them on the Internet and in magazines, and visitation has grown by leaps and bounds.

As more and more people visit the ruins, they are deteriorating faster. Deliberate vandalism is always a problem, but "accidental" vandals cause damage, too. Well-meaning visitors may lean up against ancient plaster, erode a foundation by standing too close to a wall, or enter a closed room, where, like in the Sistine Chapel, CO2 can damage plaster.

Utah state archaeologist Kevin Jones examines a roof structure at a ruin on Cedar Mesa.

Stabilization will involve such things as mortar work, plaster preservation, and rerouting of dripping water. Interpretation and education will help visitors understand the sites and how to treat them.

The matching grant is being provided partly from the Utah legislature, which earmarked $75,000. Several other sources have contributed $75,000 through the Four Corners Heritage Council.

Range Creek 2005

The 2006 field season in the world-famous Range Creek Canyon has begun. Archaeologists and volunteers will record and map Fremont sites and perform a variety of archaeological studies. State History is one of several agencies supporting this work.

The 2005 field season began in mid-May and continued through November 7, according to field supervisor K. Renee Barlow. She writes, "In spite of spring flooding, limited access to the canyon, a mishap involving a large, swinging footbridge in June, and scorching temperatures throughout July, field school students and volunteer crews recorded 66 new archaeological sites, for a project total of approximately 350 sites.

"Sites recorded in 2005 include ten pithouse villages, 11 rock art sites, 18 sites with granaries, and 16 artifact scatters, and one pithouse village with detached granaries located above a series of cliffs 1,400 feet above the canyon floor….

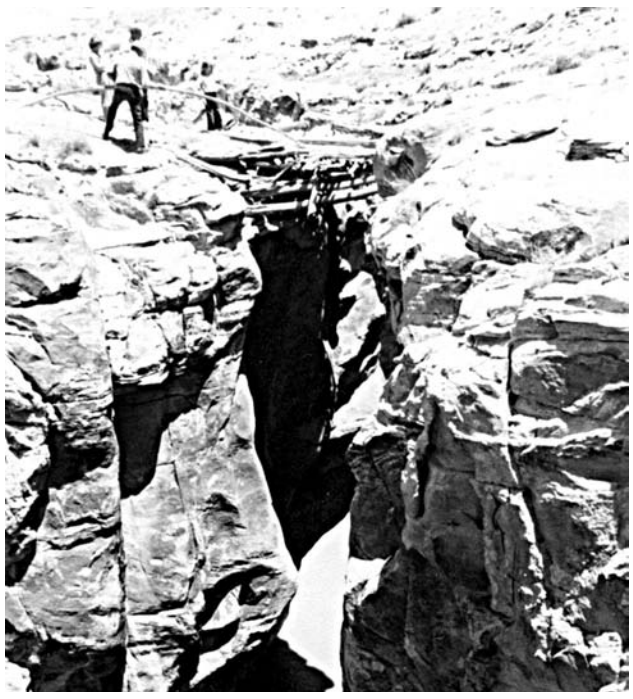
"Important field projects in 2005 included systematic and intuitive site inventories, an intensive granary recording project, packrat midden and palynology [pollen] studies, a dendroarchaeology project, and a study of site vandalism…."

"Utah State Archaeologist Kevin Jones played an important role in Range Creek in 2005 consulting with DNR, DWR and the University of Utah regarding the potential effects of project activities on cultural resources, touring visitors and dignitaries, and volunteering with maintenance activities at the ranch."

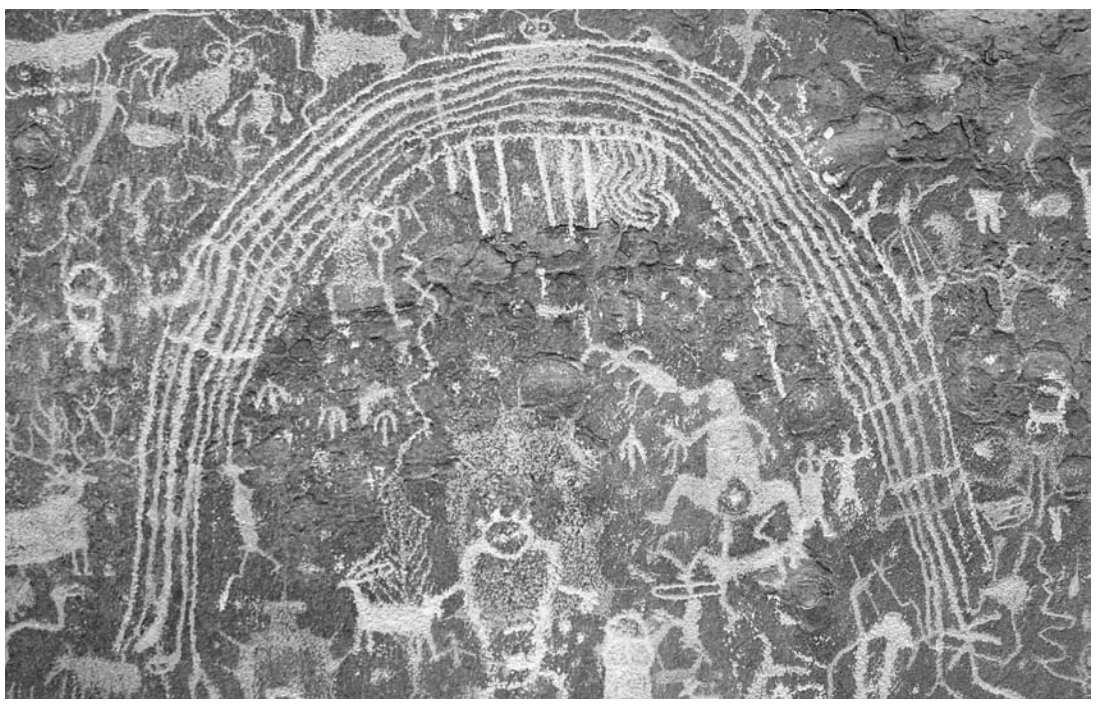
Call for proposals

A call for presentation proposals has been issued for the 2007 Grand Canyon History Symposium, to be held January 25–28, 2007. Presentations concerning the greater Grand Canyon and the adjacent Kaibab Plateau will be considered. Deadline is August 1. For more information, see **GrandCanyonHistory.org**.

The Swinging Bridge over the San Rafael River was built by the Civilian Conservation Corps in the 1930s and was restored in 1994. The Corpsmen took on many projects, including roads, ponds, and bridges.



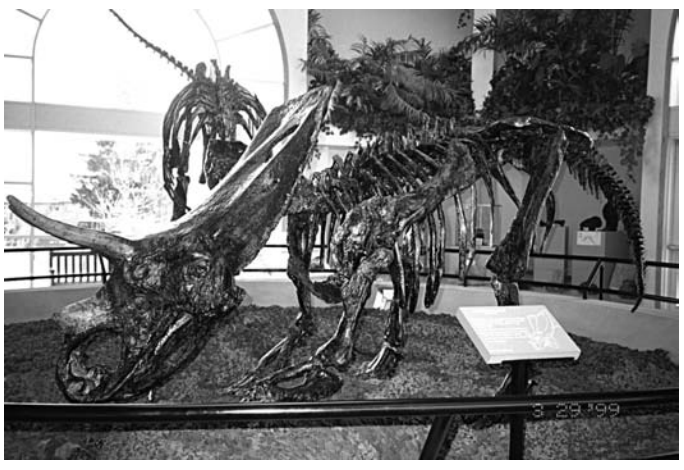
This photo of Sid's Leap was taken in the 1970s before the bridge there was destroyed. As the folklore goes, Sid Swasey bet his brother, Charley, that he (Sid) could jump the canyon on his horse. Believing it could not be done, Charley took the bet—and lost half his herd on the wager.



Prehistoric rock art graces the cathedral-like walls of the San Rafael Swell. One of the best panels of petroglyphs in the Swell is the Rochester Panel, created by the Fremont Indian Culture. More than 300 rock art sites are known to exist in the Swell.

The Buckhorn Wash Pictograph Panel is painted over a 160-foot-wide rock canvas along the Buckhorn Wash Road. The panel is thought to be 2,000 to 6,000 years old and was created by the Western Archaic Culture.

The Cleveland-Lloyd Dinosaur Quarry is the world's only known dinosaur predator trap. It includes more than 12,000 bones. Many of the finds can be seen in the Museum of the San Rafael in Castle Dale, shown here.



Remnants of uranium miners who came in the early 1900s can be found in the Temple Mountain region in the San Rafael Swell. The area is rich with evidence of people trying to survive and make a living in the harsh climate of area.

Swell History

What place could symbolize the cultural resources saved by the Antiquities Act better than the San Rafael Swell?

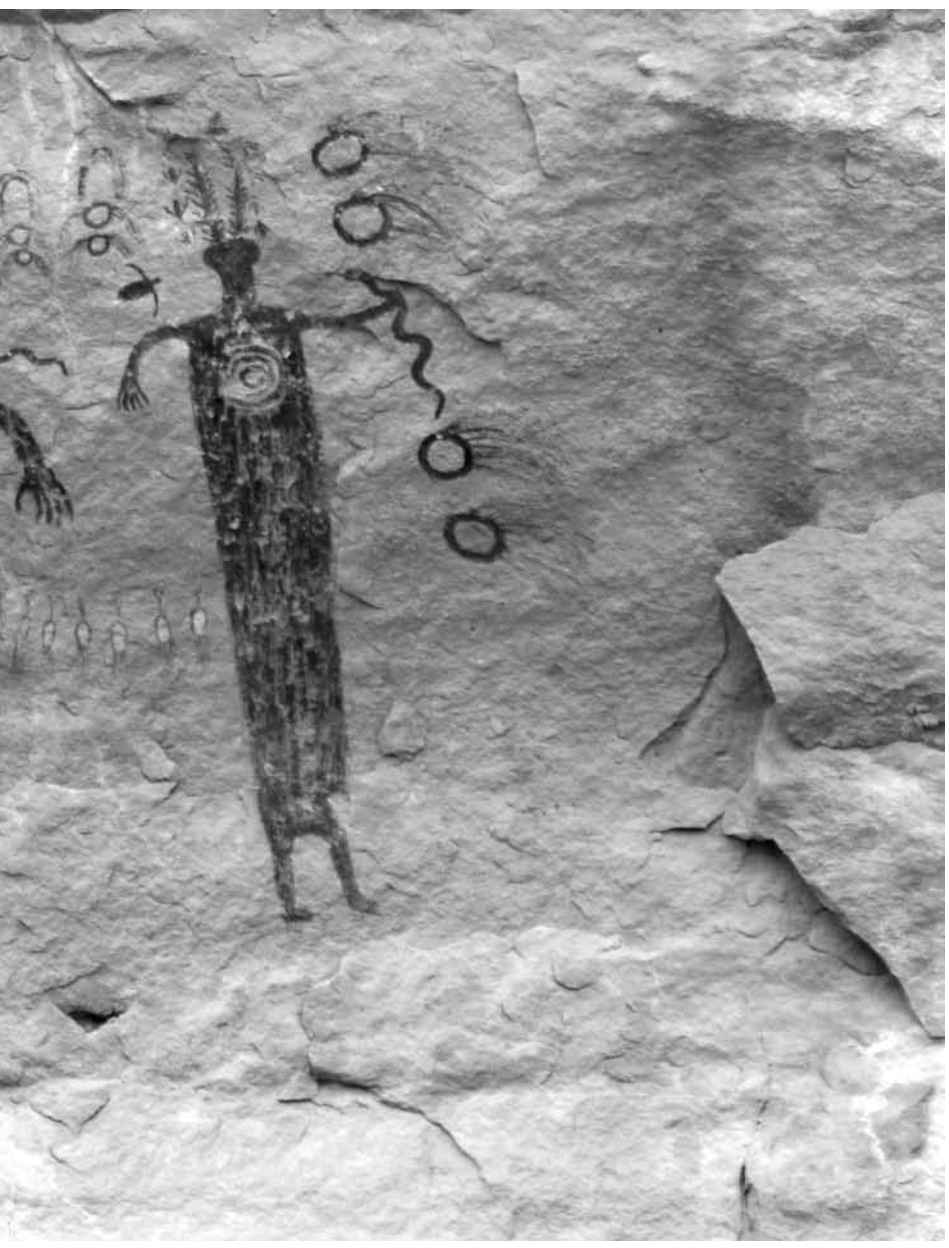
This year, the Bureau of Land Management, along with all of America, celebrates 100 years of cultural and historic preservation that began with the passage of the Antiquities Act in 1906. This legislation allows the BLM to protect and preserve archaeological and historic properties on federal lands. To commemorate the Antiquities Act Centennial, Utah BLM is sharing opportunities to explore Utah's heritage on public lands and to help protect these special places for the future.The BLM manages a number of sites where heritage enthusiasts can explore Utah's history.

The San Rafael Swell is just one of the exciting places visitors can go to discover the past on the public lands. Thousands of years of land-use history are chronicled in this extraordinary area in south-central Utah, dating from 11,000 years ago, when humans first occupied the Swell.

Text and photos courtesy of the Utah State Office of the Bureau of Land Management.

Joe Swasey built this cabin in the early 1900s while managing horses and cattle in the Head of Sinbad. The Swasey brothers, Joe, Sid, and Charley, are some of the most colorful individuals in the history of the Sinbad area.

This old rusted truck near Cane Wash remains from the uranium mining days, when many men explored the Swell in the hopes of making a big strike.



In 1947, military personal suddenly appeared in the Buckhorn Flat Area, provoking widespread speculation and rumors that were further fed by the atmosphere of Cold War secrecy. After detonating some 320,000 pounds of high explosives, the military completed the M-K Tunnels. However, the tunnels' intended purpose, if any, was never revealed.

HELP PROTECT OUR HERITAGE

When visiting archeological, historic, and fossil sites on public lands, you can help protect these places for the future.

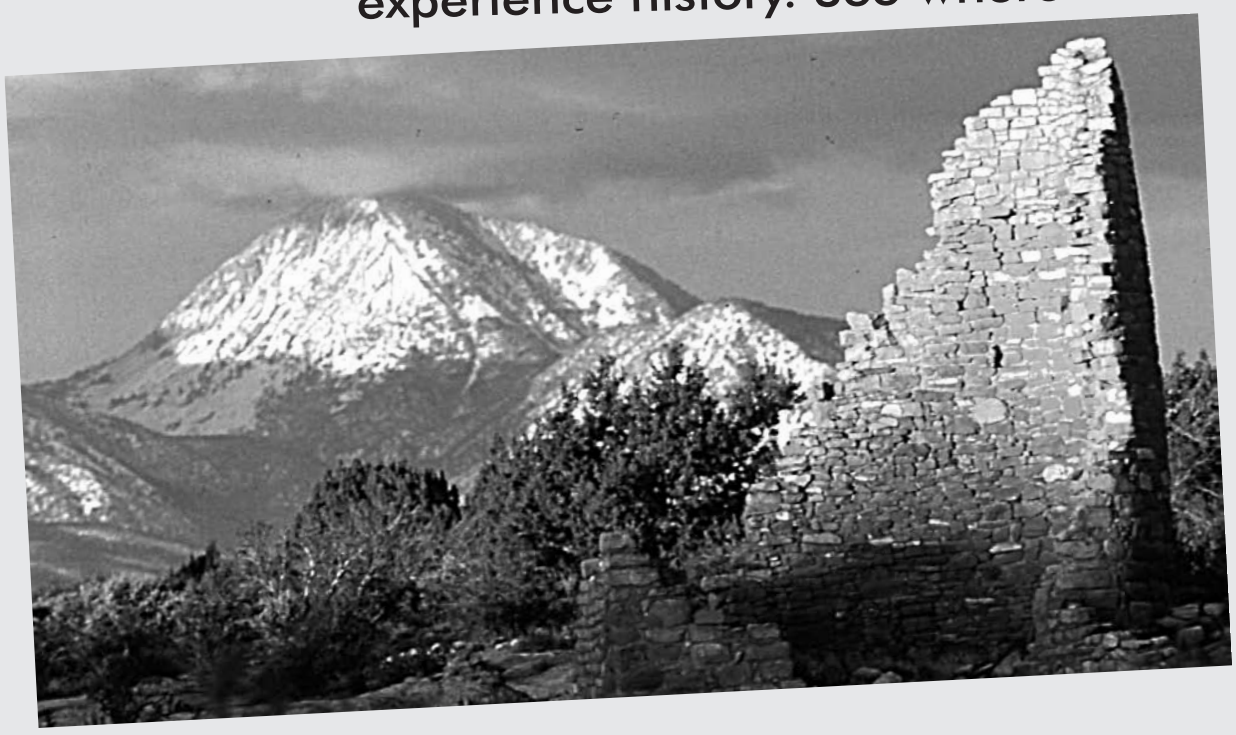
- Take only pictures. Leave only footprints.
- Stay on existing roads and trails.
- Treat sites with respect.
- Report vandalism.

For more information, including opportunities for educators, site steward programs, and Antiquities Centennial events, see **www.ut.blm.gov/antiquitiescentennial**

JOIN THE ADVENTURE
Honor the Past • Shape the Future

GET OUT THERE!!

Utah is crammed with history and history sites. You can find remnants of the past everywhere you go. Eugene the gull is our travel mascot, and we took him along to experience history. See where he went.



HOVENWEEP NATIONAL MONUMENT: The Deserted Valley

Quiet. Peace. Awe. Find them at Hovenweep National Monument, home to six ancestral Pueblo villages. The villages lie on the Cajon Plateau, along the southern Utah-Colorado border, and the ruins are stunning. Unique square, circular, and D-shaped towers perched on the canyon rim seem to suggest that the villages were built for defense. Indeed, this time period was generally a time of scarce resources and violence in the Four Corners area. But the towers also may have served as storage rooms, signaling stations, observation points, or ceremonial chambers.

Contemporaries of the cliff dwellings at Mesa Verde, Hovenweep's towers were built between about A.D. 1230 and 1280, possibly as a response to region-wide drought. This drought may also have been responsible for the area's eventual abandonment during the late 1200s.

The Square Tower Group is the monument's primary attraction. You can see it by walking along an easy two-mile loop trail leading from the visitor center. The outlier sites, also accessible by trail, are smaller but just as scenic.

Hovenweep, which means "deserted valley" in Ute/Paiute, was preserved in 1923 by President Warren G. Harding, who recognized its rich cultural significance. However, the land has been valued for much longer by indigenous people, including the culture that built these remarkable towers, and their presumed descendants, the Hopi, Zuni, Acoma, and Rio Grande Pueblo tribes of today.

Get to this isolated spot by driving south on 191 from Blanding then east on 262 (for a total of 45 miles). Plan on staying four to six hours if you want to see the whole park. For not-too-hot, not-too-cold, and not-too-rainy weather, your best bet is September or October, but all year round you can experience that sense of awe, wonder, and stillness. Bring your camera, paintbrush, writing book, pets (and leashes), children, water, and curiosity. **www.nps.gov/hove/** or 970/562-4282.

HANDS-ON HISTORY FOR KIDS AND OTHER ADVENTURERS

JOHN WESLEY POWELL RIVER HISTORY MUSEUM

Get a taste of early river running on the Green and Colorado rivers. In a 15-minute movie of Powell's first expedition down the rivers, a replica of Powell's boat navigates the rapids. Historical photos and journal excerpts accompany this river-running footage. On display in the museum you can see boats of different eras, starting with a bullboat and dugout canoe. The replica of Powell's No-Name boat, which disastrously wrecked and broke in half at—what else?—Disaster Falls in Lodore Canyon, has a "wineglass" keel, a detail that made the boat unstable in rapids. You can compare it with the flat keels of later boats—Norm Nevilles's "Mexican Hat," for instance.

In the museum you can also learn about 1) the unique characters who ran the river and who now are memorialized in the hall of fame, 2) steamboats on the Green River, 3) the Stanton Survey done to determine the feasibility of running a railroad through the river canyons, 4) Mountain Men on the Green River, and 5) much, much more.

The museum, at 1765 E. Main, Green River, Utah, is open 7 days/week from 8 a.m.–8 p.m. 435/564-3427.

The museum has a replica of Powell's No-Name, the boat that wrecked in Lodore Canyon.

SOME WEST DESERT ADVENTURES

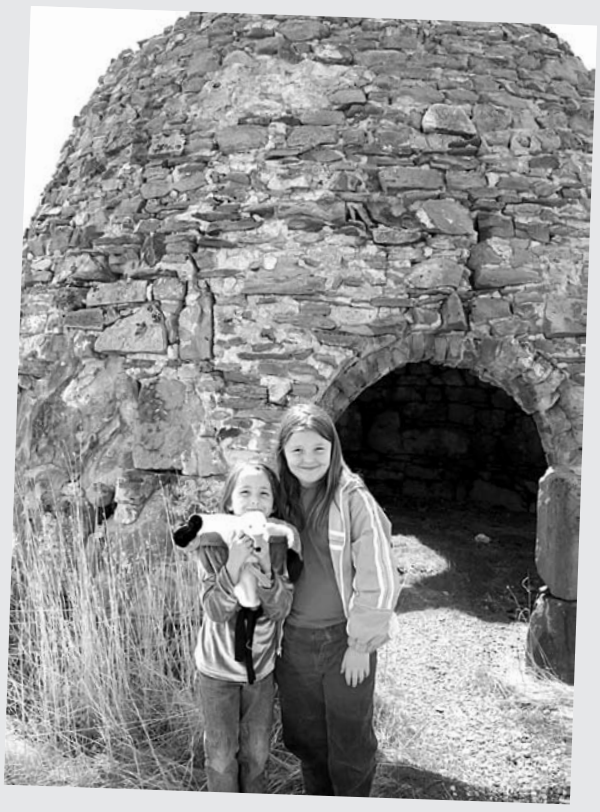


Photo: 5-year-old Melanie and 9-year-old Madeline Reinhard show Eugene one of the Leamington charcoal kilns.

LEAMINGTON CHARCOAL KILNS

In the 1870s, enterprising Leamingtonites took advantage of the new railroad in the area: They built charcoal kilns to process juniper (or cedar) trees into charcoal to ship to Salt Lake City. You can visit two of these big kilns just east of Leamington on highway 132 (near Delta).

GREAT BASIN MUSEUM

Outside the main building, the Great Basin Museum exhibits farming implements and a barracks from Topaz.

See artifacts of west Millard County dating from thousands of years ago to a decade or two ago—from the Paleoindian culture to the space age. This museum has prehistoric points and ceramics, a barracks from the Topaz Relocation Center (the World War II-era Japanese American internment camp), displays of early 20th-century life in the county, farming equipment, and an exhibit of the locally mined beryllium ore and items made from it. 328 West 100 North, Delta. Call for hours. (435) 864-5013.

TOPAZ RELOCATION CENTER

During World War II, the U.S. government forced thousands of Japanese Americans to leave their homes on the West Coast and move to internment camps, including one near Delta, where wind blew almost constantly and temperatures could range from below zero to above 100 degrees.

As you drive through a flat landscape to reach the site (get directions at the Great Basin Museum or at **topazmuseum.org**), imagine the disorientation of these people as they saw the landscape that would be their home for months or years. Also, look for former camp barracks being reused as houses or outbuildings.

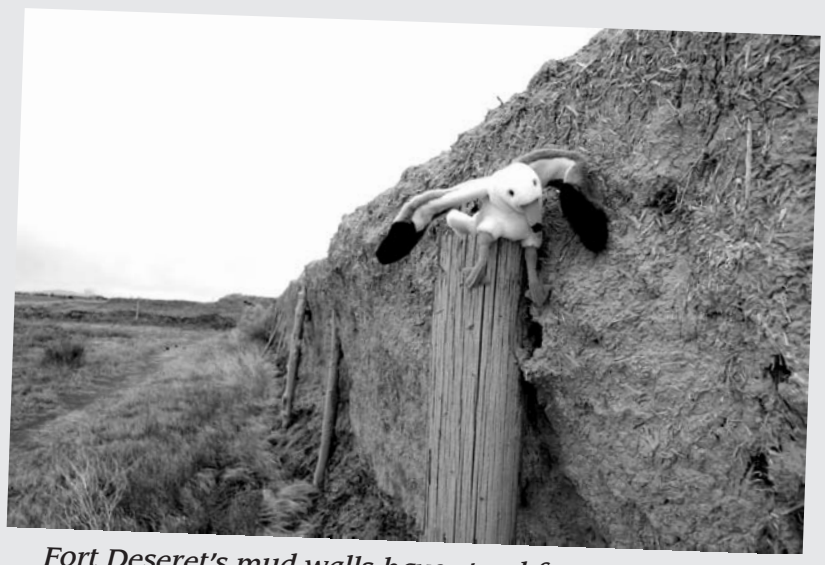
When you arrive, you won't see any buildings. This is a sad, lonesome place. Only foundations and bits of detritus from those years remain; the government auctioned off the actual barracks to the locals. But you can drive down the roads of the camp. You can get out, feel the wind, look across the bleak landscape of greasewood, jackrabbits, and ravens, and ponder. You can imagine what it was like here when 8,000 people were crammed into thin-walled barracks, eating and washing at communal mess halls and wash-buildings. You can imagine the little gardens the Japanese families tried to raise in front of their bleak barracks. You can think about "wartime hysteria, racial animosity, and economic opportunism" (as the site's plaque says).

The site of Topaz

FORT DESERET

It may just look like old walls made of mud—because that's what it is. But those walls tell a story. In 1865, during the "Blackhawk War," 98 men from the settlement of Deseret got busy and built a fort. They wanted to gain a sense of protection from the Utes who were rebelling against the waves of Anglo settlers coming onto their lands. In 18 days the men laid a rock foundation and built 10-foot-high walls out of mud and straw. In 1866, the fort proved useful when Blackhawk's band stole some cattle. The settlers hustled the rest of their livestock into the fort while they negotiated a peace with the Utes.

You can see the old fort on State Highway 257 south of the town of Deseret.



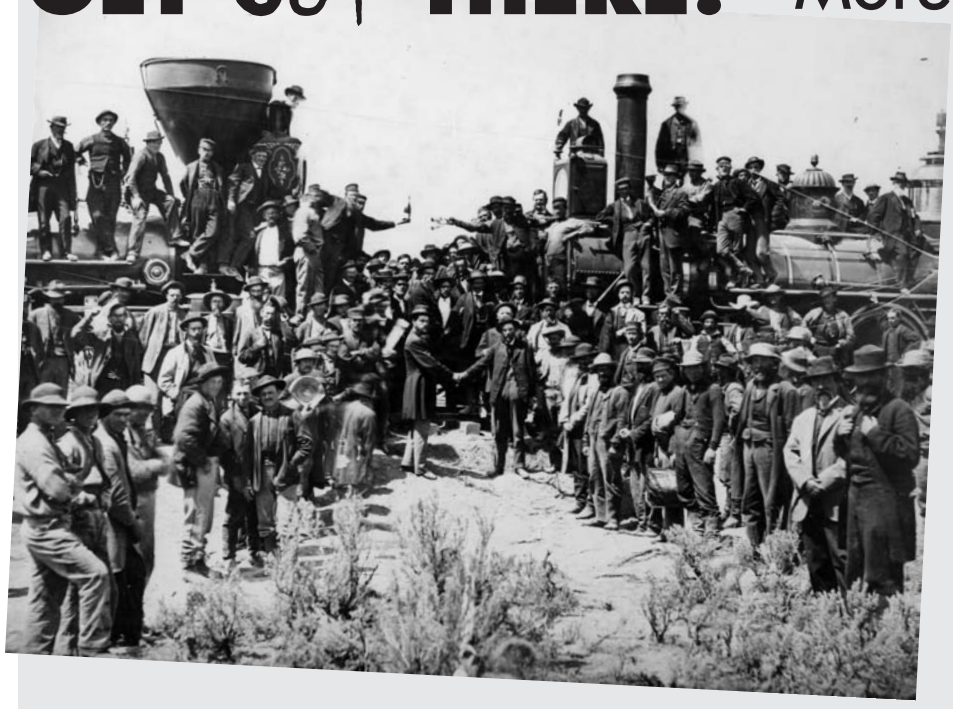
Fort Deseret's mud walls have stood for nearly 150 years.

OLD CEMETERIES

History abounds in cemeteries. You may find the graves of well-known people, or you may not. Either way, you can look at the way headstones have changed over time, read epitaphs, get a sense of individual and community values, and piece together history. Or just enjoy the walk.

The Salt Lake City Cemetery at 200 N. Street contains the graves of famous people, members of different ethnic groups and religions, soldiers, early pioneers and more. If you would like a guide, the cemetery sexton recommends a map called *The Famous and Infamous: A Guide to the Salt Lake City Cemetery*.

GET OUT THERE! More places to go...



GOLDEN SPIKE NATIONAL MONUMENT: Joining of the Rails

Railroad buffs *have* to see Golden Spike—but they know that already. This article is for those whose hearts *don't* beat faster at the sight of a train. To be honest, you have to reach the Golden Spike site by a long drive through a landscape that some might think is desolate (while others think it's beautiful). But if you take a learning attitude with you on that drive, you can't help but feel a little thrill to see the original cuts, fills, and trestles of the epic public works project that linked the nation and changed history forever.

In the 1860s the Central Pacific and Union Pacific railroads, paid by the government both through cash subsidies and land grants, worked toward each other from Sacramento and Omaha. After they met, they industriously continued constructing parallel grades (using shovels, dynamite, carts, and horse-drawn graders) for almost 250 miles before the government found out about the duplication and told them to cease and desist.

So the rails were joined at Promontory Summit, and you can see the spot as well as working replicas of the locomotives that came together on that momentous day—May 10, 1869. During the summer season (May 1 through Labor Day), the locomotives come out at 10 and 10:30 a.m., demonstrate their stuff at 1 p.m. (and 3 p.m. on Saturdays), and retire at 4 and 4:30 p.m.

On Saturdays and holidays, the locomotives and faithful volunteers re-enact the driving of the spike at 11 a.m. and 1 p.m. And on the second Saturday in August, the park holds a big Railroader's Festival where you can race a handcar and compete in a buffalo-chip throwing contest (among other things).

The visitors' center has good films and displays, but don't neglect to get out on the railroad grades by foot, car, or bicycle—and be sure to take along one of the park's trail or road guides for a fascinating close-up look at history on the landscape. At the Big Fill Trail, you will see how the railroads dealt with the steepest grade between Donner Pass and Omaha (believe it or not!)

If you pass through Corinne on the way, pause to drive through the streets and see if you can find remnants of the era when this was a wild, 100-saloon railroad town. It also has the oldest standing Protestant church building in Utah, the Corinne Methodist Episcopal Church.

Another good stop in the neighborhood shows a far different look at federally subsidized transportation. Near Golden Spike, follow the signs to the Thiokol missile display to see a good outdoor exhibit of missiles and booster engines made by the company over the years.

Golden Spike National Monument is open every day except Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's Day from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. **www.nps.gov/ gosp** or 435/471-2209.

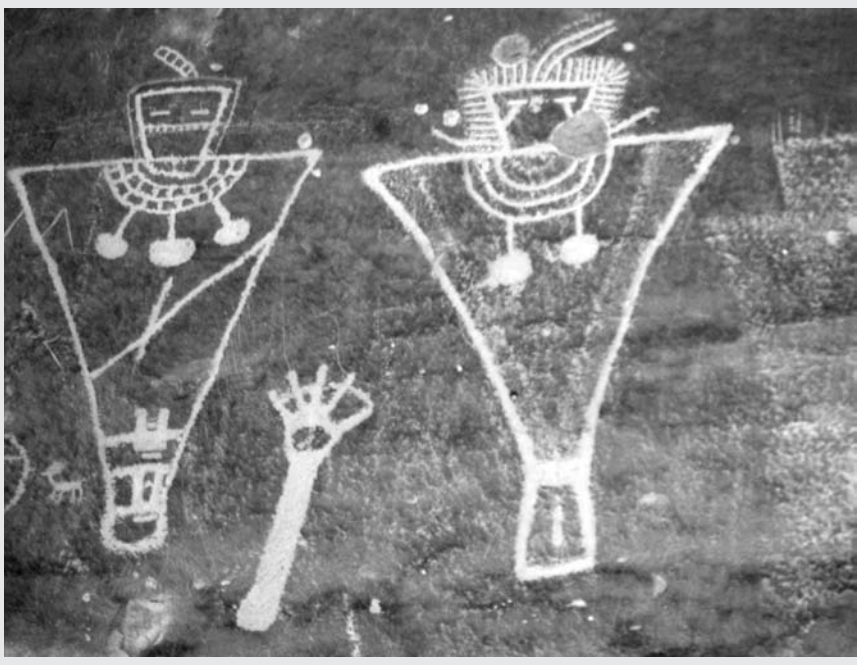
SEGO CANYON ROCK ART SITE

Several panels in one area show rock art spanning perhaps 8,000 years. In this spot, people from the historic Ute culture and the prehistoric Archaic, Fremont, and Ancestral Pueblo cultures chose to paint (pictographs) or carve (petroglyphs) on the rock face. Interpretive signs put up by the BLM help the visitor make sense of it all.

The Archaic culture (so-called by archaeologists) lived in the area between 2,000 and 8,000 years ago. Their ghostlike, big-eyed, reddish anthropomorphs are stunning and mysterious. In a fascinating juxtaposition, the art of the other cultures gives a great sense of far different cultures and times. Unfortunately, you can also get a sense of a culture closer to home: vandals have shot at, written on, and otherwise defaced several of the panels.

The site is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. Get there by going to Thompson Springs, which is 28 miles east of Green River on I-70 and a few miles east of Crescent Junction (the turnoff to Moab). Drive north over the railroad tracks and continue on, following signs to Sego Canyon and "Indian Writings," as an old BLM sign reads. The panels are three miles up this paved road.

Enjoy—but please don't touch or disturb the art in any way. Why not see if it can last another few thousand years?



Fremont rock art at Sego Canyon.

FORT PEARCE

When Blackhawk was stirring up the Utes in the 1860s, John Pearce and men built this fort along the old route from St. George to Pipe Springs. They built 10-foot-high walls without mortar—and without a roof. The fort was, among other things, supposed to prevent the Indians from having access to the nearby spring. Pearce Wash had always been a good place to stop and get water; in fact, the Dominguez Escalante party of 1776 camped here. So over the years, the fort sheltered many travelers.

Elma Smart takes a look at Fort Pearce.

Down the wash, on the sandstone walls, you can see petroglyphs and the carved names of men who spent time at the fort. As a bonus, two miles east of the fort is a short trail to dinosaur tracks.

Travel to the fort is on a dirt road. Because of changing road construction, we can't give directions to the fort. Inquire locally.

A Man Who "Stood at the Crossroads"

When we think of Utah history, it seems we're usually drawn back to the 19th century and the now-famous events and prominent people of that era. I've been thinking that the 20th century gets short shrift in that regard. Accordingly, I wanted to write about a book that focuses on a period that most of us can actually remember, not just read about.

Using one of my main criteria for selection (borrowed from C-SPAN's Brian Lamb), "it lit a fire under me," I chose *David O. McKay and the Rise of Modern Mormonism*, by Gregory A. Prince and Wm. Robert Wright, published last year by the University of Utah Press and the recent winner of the prestigious Evans Handcart Award. Unless I miss my guess, that won't be the last award this fine book wins.

David O. McKay, president of the LDS church from 1951 to 1970, is remembered and respected not only by Mormons; he was widely known and admired by prominent leaders and others of his day, both secular and religious. He left an indelible imprint on Utah, his church, and the world at large.

The authors, who spent several years researching and writing this biography, had a simple goal in mind: "to write truthfully of a man who was one of the most important—if not the most important—figures in twentieth-century Mormonism.... McKay stood at the crossroads where modern Mormonism took its shape and direction."

Using an enormous amount of source material, including the David O. McKay Papers at the University of Utah and some 200 interviews, Prince and Wright focus on McKay's presidency, using a topical rather than chronological approach.

David O. McKay

When writing about a spiritual leader of the stature and almost mythic image of a David O. McKay, an author could easily indulge in hagiography. I'm pleased to say that this book avoids that. President McKay is shown as a "great, complex, three-dimensional man...with some weaknesses," and the authors deal honestly with them, "placing them in an understandable context." In a refreshingly candid but remarkably fair and balanced manner, they tackle some of the crucial and even controversial subjects of the day involving McKay and the LDS church: the evolution debate; Bruce R. McConkie's provocative *Mormon Doctrine;* Juanita Brook's *Mountain Meadows Massacre;* blacks, civil rights and the priesthood; Communism; and politics.

Each time I picked up this beautifully crafted, nearly 500-page book, I found that, even if I intended to read only a chapter or two (ironically and sadly, even booksellers have limited time to read), I usually was compelled to push on. The book has great substance but is enormously readable and enjoyable.

Calling it a "phenomenal work," Jan Shipps, a prominent non-Mormon historian, describes the book as "a remarkable combination of biographical narrative and historical analysis." This is a must-read book for anyone interested in Utah and Mormon history in the 20th century.

Curt Bench, owner of Benchmark Books, SLC.

WE ASKED; YOU ANSWERED

What were the young women on our Spring 2006 cover holding in their mouths?

We received several replies to our question. Most people believe they are holding eggs (or maybe ping-pong balls) on a wire frame, getting ready for an egg race. However, one person had seen clay pipes like this and thought they might be holding pipes upside down. Thanks to Daveda Bundy, Jean Corey, Sharon Hauri, Melanie, Sally Neilson, Betty Ross, Ed Senior, and Maxine Stringham for helping us solve the mystery!

WHO'S THAT?

The woman on the front cover is Chipeta (1843-1924), at times called the Queen of the Utes. Her husband was Chief Ouray. In 1874, the photographer William H. Jackson wrote of her, "Chipeta was that day about the most prepossessing Indian woman I ever saw, and Ouray was immensely proud of her.... With guidance and support from Ouray, Chipeta sat for the photograph full of dimpling smiles as the veriest bride."

Several things have been named in Chipeta's honor, including a dam, computer, resort lodge, street, golf course, and potato variety.

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